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each holding the end of a white handkerchief, first moved forward a few paces to slow music, the rest of the dancers followed two and two, a white handkerchief between each couple. Then the dance began. The music suddenly changing to quick time, the dancers passed with a brisk step round the handkerchiefs of the three in front, wheeled round in semicircles, formed a variety of pleasing animating evolutions, interspersed at intervals with *entre-chants*, or cuts, united, fell again into their original places behind, and ceased.

DUKE OF BEDFORD.

The Duke of Bedford, who had been regent of France during the reign of Henry VI. after experiencing great vicissitudes of success, and seeing the English affairs gradually declining in that kingdom, died of grief and vexation at Rouen. A few years afterwards, when Charles, the legitimate king of France, received his authority, he was advised by some of his courtiers, to demolish the monument of black marble which had been raised over the body of that hero, but he declined such a mean revenge, nobly saying, "Let him repose in peace, and be thankful that he does repose: were he awake, he would make the stoutest among us tremble."

THE MUSES DISHONOURED.

One of the old English historians tells of a nobleman, who finding his convivial pleasures interrupted by the supplications of two itinerant poets, from a neighbouring university, order-

ed his servants to place them in two buckets, and to immerse them by turns in a well, until they had composed a poem on their deplorable situation. The company, it is added, enjoyed the jest extremely.

LOUIS XI.

Lewis XI. of France was one of the greatest monsters ever recorded by the page of history. Murder was with him a trifling crime; and Tristran d'Hermitte, his great provost, a servant worthy of such a master, well seconded the pitiless monarch. One day the king observing at his levee an officer against whom he had conceived some dislike, made a private sign to Tristran, who, apt at his duty, enticed the person whom he imagined to be the devoted object of his royal master's anger, into the palace yard, thrust him into a sack, and threw him into the Seine. Unluckily he had mistaken a well fed monk who stood in the same line with the officer, for his devoted victim. Next day Lewis having been told that the man whom he hated had been seen alive, charged Tristran with it. "Your majesty must mistake," replied he, "the monk must be near Roan by this time." "What monk?" "Him that your majesty pointed at." "Pasque Dieu," exclaimed the humane prince, "you have drowned me the best priest in France. Well! we must have a dozen masses said for his soul. It was a sad mistake of yours. I meant that dog of a captain, not the poor monk."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE TEAR.

WHEN Henry to the battle went,
And left us in despair,
To me a tender sigh he lent,
I dropt a silent tear.
Adieu! he cry'd, and softly prest
Me to the heart I held so dear,
Now far from me my love did rest,
And I found comfort in a tear.
And oft in evening's pensive hour
I wandered forth my heart to cheer;
Oh! sweetest balm, I'll thee adore,
My heart thou eas'dst, thou cooling tear!

But when I heard in battle fell
The youth that to me was so dear,
Ah! who could then my sorrows tell,
How oft I've dropt the silent tear?

And oh! thou eas'dst my bursting breast;
Thou calm'dst my grief and anguish dear,
Thou sooth'dst my troubled soul to rest
Thou life—thou soul reviving tear!

Still full of woe I sat me down,
And soon my frame was chill'd with fear,
I heard a voice, 'twas Henry's own;
He said, "Maria, dry that tear."

When lo a form before mine eyes
 Disgraced with many a bloody scar,
 Appear'd and cried, "Maria rise,
 And wipe away that streaming tear."
 No phantom he of wanton air,
 As thought first fill'd me all with fears,
 But smiling sweet, he said "my fair,
 Forget thy grief, and all thy tears."
 Ah! no, ungrateful would I be,
 So to forget what did me cheer,
 And when oppress'd with grief, mine eye
 I fill'd with many a friendly tear.
 When grief again does fill my breast,
 And waste me all with pining care,
 The joy of grief with me shall rest,
 In many a balmy, tender tear.

FLORETTA.

ON THE DEATH OF

FRANCIS WALLACE BURNS,

WHO DIED WHEN HE WAS ON THE POINT OF
 EMBARKING FOR THE EAST INDIES, SOME
 TIME AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER,
 THE CELEBRATED ROBERT BURNS.

"WALLACE! a name to Scotia dear,
 As long as Scotia's hills shall stand,
 My boy the gallant name shall bear,
 My boy shall love his native land.

"The generous swell, the tender throe
 Shall urge his heart to honest fame,
 Whilst in his veins no blood shall flow
 Unworthy of this honour'd name.

"His little bosom rising high,
 An independent mind displays,
 The mien erect, the sparkling eye,
 Invite the hope of future days."*

All fondly thus the father cries,
 While round his knees his darling clung,
 But lowly now that father lies,
 And silence seals his tuneful tongue.

Yet fame and fortune promise fair,
 Could they a parent's loss restore;
 The gallant boy becomes their care,
 They point to India's distant shore.

Far from his widow'd mother's eyes,
 Say must he tempt the dangerous main?
 Or faint beneath the burning skies,
 Nor to a Mother's ear complain?

The gifts which fame and fortune bring,
 Will virtue's smile these gifts approve?
 Will conscience add no secret sting,
 Which wealth and power can ne'er re-
 move?

But pitying Heaven the trial spares,
 While youth and innocence combine....
 Behold the guardian Angel bears
 The unsullied soul to realms divine.

M. L.

* See letters No. 83 and 91 from R. Burns to Mrs. Dunlop.

TO THREE BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN.

A FRAGMENT.

SWEET Innocents! yes, when I gaze
 On those young smiling eyes, and stroke
 those cheeks

Like velvet soft, and kiss those little
 hands,

Fair, as the lily fair, and when I hear
 Your merry mimic prattlings, and behold
 Your sports so cheap, so harmless, yet
 so gay,

Oh! then, I something feel within my
 breast,

Of what thy parents feel, when fondling
 you,

They call you lambs, their little playful
 lambs,

Unutterably blest;—then, too, I feel
 What felt that artist,* who divinely
 sketch'd

Three lovely children, adding to the
 group

A cherub's cheek, as tho' he meant to say,
 Earth has not such a group. Sweet Inno-
 cents!

Yes, frolic still, like the young lambs,
 still sport,

To antic plays and pleasures only alive,
 Thoughtless of future evil. As for me,
 Why should reflection in its busy mood
 Disturb these feelings? Why with some
 sad perhaps,

Muse on a distant day, when pining
 grief

To raptures may succeed; when racking
 pain

May so distract you, that you'll pray for
 death

To grant a long'd dismission; when, at
 length,

You, who now gamesome, fill your pa-
 rents' breast

With transport, may with your dying
 breath bequeath

A heart-ache, which no time shall ever
 cure?

Why should I muse thus sadly? Hence,
 vile thought;

Rather let fancy point to future days,
 When your fond parents' hopes and joys
 shall rise

Still higher, blessing you when they shall
 see

Their dearest little ones advanc'd in
 years,

And every year something more lovely
 added

To what before was lovely: let it point
 To days more distant, when those young
 blue eyes,

When those fair cheeks, and those soft

* Alluding to a fine painting by Rubens.